

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

"BEHOLD I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

No. 45.

NEW-HAVEN, APRIL 7, 1821.

Vol. V.

MISSION TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

From the Missionary Herald.

Since the publication of our last number, we have enjoyed the high gratification of receiving intelligence from the mission to the Sandwich Islands. Capt. Charles S. Cary, master of the ship *Levant*, arrived in New York, via Canton, about the 10th ult. and politely forwarded a box, containing more than a hundred letters from the missionaries, with a copious journal, from October 23, 1819, to July 19, 1820. The *Levant* left Woahoo, July 24th, and Atooi, Aug. 7th, at which dates the members of the different mission families were in perfect health, comfortably settled at their respective stations, diligently employed in teaching the natives, indulging great hopes of success, and enjoying, to a remarkable degree, the divine presence and blessing. Let all the friends of missions praise the Lord for his goodness, and for the peculiar favour which he has vouchsafed to this benevolent enterprise. Let them fall on their knees before the throne of grace, and render a tribute of heartfelt thanksgiving; and let them plead, with more earnest importunity than ever before, for their brethren now among ignorant and benighted pagans, that God would give them wisdom, grace, and strength to discharge their high embassy, and that he would preserve them from dangers and evils, to which all missionaries, and especially those among an untutored people, must be greatly exposed.

That our readers may the better understand what is said of persons and places, in the letters and journal, we have been at the pains to make out, by consulting Vancouver's chart, the following description of the relative situation of the Sandwich Islands, their sizes, and distances. Those who are impatient of these dry details, may pass over them, and enter immediately upon the perusal of some of the most interesting documents, which the history of missions has hitherto furnished. We take this opportunity to observe, however, that in order to derive the full benefit from narratives of missions, the reader should be competently acquainted with the geography of the places, where the transactions took place.

The Sandwich Islands are situated between 18.50 and 22.20, north latitude, and 154.55 and 160.15, west longitude from Greenwich. They are extended in a direction W. N. W. and E. S. E., Owhyhee being the south eastern island, and Oneehow the north western.

We give the length and greatest breadth of each, and its estimated superficial contents, in English miles.

	Length.	Breadth.	Sq miles.
Owhyhee,	97	78	4,000
Mowee,	48	29	600
Tahoorowa,	11	8	60
Ranai,	17	9	110
Morotoi,	40	7	170
Woahoo,	46	23	520
Atooi,	33	28	520
Oneehow,	20	7	80
Tahoorah,	1	1.2	

The following distances, in English miles, with the bearings of the islands from each other, will help to give a more perfect view of their relative situation. It is to be understood, that the distances are estimated from the nearest parts of one island to the nearest parts of the other. Mowee is N. W. of Owhyhee, 30 miles; Morotoi, W. N. W. of Mowee, 10; from Owhyhee, 75; Tahoorowa, S. W. of the southern part of Mowee, 7; from Owhyhee, 38; Rania, W. of Mowee, 9; and the same distance S. of Morotoi: Woahoo, W. N. W. of Morotoi, 27; from Owhyhee, 130; Atooi, W. N. W. of Woahoo, 75; from Owhyhee, 250; Oneehow, W. S. W. of Atooi, 17; from Owhyhee, 290; Tahoorah, little more than a rock, S. W. of Oneehow, 23. The distance, from the eastern point of Owhyhee to the northwestern side of Oneehow, is about 390 miles.

JOINT LETTER OF THE MISSIONARIES TO THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Hanaroorah, Woahoo, July 23, 1820.

Rev. and very Dear Sir,—Far removed from the loved dwellings of Zion in our native land, surrounded with pagans and strangers, we would lift the voice of grateful praise to our covenant Father, and call on our patrons and friends to rejoice, for the Lord hath comforted his people, and ministered unto us an open and abundant entrance among the heathen. But here we see no altars of abomination, nor bloody rites of superstition. Jehovah has begun to overturn the institutions of idolatry, and to prepare the way for the nobler institutions of his own worship.

While we were tossing on the waters of the Atlantic, and while the church was on her knees before the Hearer of prayer, He was casting down the vanities of the heathen, demolishing the ter-

ples of paganism, and holding in derision the former pride and disgrace of this people.

Wafted by the propitious gales of heaven, we passed the dangerous goal of Cape Horn on the 30th of January; set up our Ebenezer there; and, on the 30th of March, arrived off the shore of these long lost and long neglected "Isles of the Gentiles." But how were our ears astonished to hear a voice proclaim; "*In the wilderness prepare ye the way of Jehovah; make strait in the desert a highway for our God.*" How were our hearts agitated with new, and various and unexpected emotions, to hear the interesting intelligence,—**TAMAHAMAH IS DEAD;—THE TABOOS ARE BROKEN;—THE IDOLS ARE BURNT;—THE MOREEAHS ARE DESTROYED; AND THE PRIESTHOOD ABOLISHED.**" This victory was achieved by that arm alone, which sustains the universe. He, who in wisdom has ordained, that no flesh should glory in his presence, has saved us from the danger of glorying in the triumph, and taught us with adoring views of his majesty to "stand still and see the salvation of God." Long indeed did we expect to toil, with slow and painful progress, to undermine the deep laid foundations of the grossest idolatry. But He, whose name alone is Jehovah, looked upon the bloodstained superstition, erected in insult to divine purity, and, without even the winding ram's horn of a consecrated priest, it sinks from His presence, and tumbles into ruins; and he commands us, as the feeble followers of the Captain of salvation, to go up "every man straight before him," and, "in the name of our God, to set up our banner."

Missionary Stations.

We have been allowed to plant the standard of the cross at Kirooah, and at Hanaroorah, where the chiefs, the natives, and foreigners may, from week to week, hear the sound of the Gospel. Most gladly would we erect the standard on every isle in this cluster, but we have no preacher to send. The people are without any form of religion, waiting, as it were, for the law of Christ,

though they know not his name, nor the way of salvation.

From Atooi the call is loud and impressive, "come over and help us." Two of our brethren, Messrs. Whitney and Ruggles, accompanied George to his father, who received his long absent son with the tenderest affection, and made him second in command over his islands. He said, that the arrival of Hoome-hoome, as his son is called, "made his heart so joyful, that he could not talk much that day." He expressed much gratitude for the kindness of the friends of Hoome-hoome, in providing for his comfort, his instruction, and his safe return; and for sending teachers to these islands, to instruct him and his people, in the arts and sciences, and in the principles of the Christian religion. The king said with respect to George, "I love Hoome-hoome very much more than my other children;" (of whom he has a daughter older, and a son younger.) "I thought he was dead; I cry many times because I think he was dead;—Some captains tell me he live in America;—I say no;—he dead;—he no more come back. But now he live;—he come again;—my heart very glad." He engages to be a father to us, as we have been to his son. He is importunate in his intreaties, that some of us should settle there;—promises to give houses and land, as much as we need; expresses a great desire to learn, and has begun the work in earnest. The brethren after spending eight weeks in instructing him and his wife and family, and exploring the island, returned to this place. To-morrow it is expected that they, with their wives, will proceed again thither, in the ship *Levant*, Capt. Cary, on her way to America *via* Canton. We hope the Board will have it in their power immediately to station there an able preacher of the Gospel, a skilful and discreet physician, an industrious farmer, and an accomplished Lancasterian school master.

At Kirooah, our brethren, though subject to great privations, are allowed to engage in their appropriate work with flattering hopes of success. The king leads the way as their humble pupil, and

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now begins to read intelligibly in the New Testament, desirous to outstrip all his subjects in the acquisition of useful knowledge. Two of his wives, and two stewards under their instruction, exercise themselves in the most easy reading lessons of Webster's spelling book.

At this place, we have a pleasant school advancing with desirable progress in the rudiments of the English language. The number under our instruction here is about 30, among whom are the governor, or head chief of the island, his wife, daughter of a chief of Karakakooa, and eleven children of white men. One of the latter, George Holmes, exhibits a fine genius for painting. We send you a specimen of drawing, and lettering, executed by him under our instruction, which we think could not, without better models, be exceeded by any school-boy in America. We need here the aid of a preacher of the Gospel, and a school-master, who is skilled in the Lancasterian method of instruction,—and a tried physician, who would cheerfully and patiently endure the necessary toils and privations, to which he must be subject in removing the disease of the body and soul among the heathen, and among his fellow labourers. God has hitherto preserved our health; but the heathen around us are wasting away by disease, induced not by the climate, but by their imprudence and vices.

Dr. Holman has purposed to take his station at Mowee. That is a fruitful island, and we hope soon to see the standard of the Gospel planted there. The scruples of the king, with regard to the danger of additional missionaries in this field, we hope will have subsided before additional labourers can arrive. He expressed a regret, that no one of us could repair and build vessels for him. We think that a pious, skilful, and devoted ship-carpenter, inured to self-denial, and able to recommend and enforce the religion of Christ, might be of incalculable benefit to this people. Such a mechanic they would prize above all others.

Call for more Missionaries.

We know not what divine wisdom intends to do here; but we think a great

effort ought to be made, in every island, to establish Christianity and to take possession for Christ and the church, before that idolatry, which seems to have been crushed by a single blow of Jehovah's arm, should again be revived. The case is so new, and so unparalleled in the history of the world, that we know not what to say. *When hath a nation changed its gods?* The enemy may have retired but for a season, to appear again in his wrath, to kindle the flames of persecution, and re-establish the worship of demons in all its forms of pollution and cruelty. How often did Israel, the chosen of God, give melancholy proof of the most deep rooted depravity, and the incurable propensity of the human heart to the grossest idolatry, even with the lively oracles of divine truth in their hands, and the awful majesty of Jehovah's presence before their eyes. Were it not for the fact, that the present is an age of wonders, and the hope, that the Christian church will not relax the ardor of effort and the fervency of prayer for us and this people, we should expect soon to see the altars of abomination erected, and the powerful priesthood of superstition arrayed against this little, feeble band of Christian pilgrims, before one of us could preach plainly and impressively, in the language of the islands, the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ. But in God is our hope; and we will not fear. We dare not put our trust in princes. The king of Zion alone is worthy of our confidence. It is he, who has begun the glorious work; and it will go on. The powers of earth and hell cannot successfully oppose it. We are nothing. And whether defeat or success shall be our particular lot, we know that the holy cause in which, under your patronage, we are allowed to embark;—cannot fail of ultimate and universal triumph. "Zion shall arise and shine,—the Redeemer shall reign,—the isles shall wait for his law. The glory of the Lord shall cover the earth, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Cheered with these divine consolations, in the midst of trials and privations—contented and happy in our work,

weak and inexperienced as we are, we turn our eyes to you for counsel, and to Heaven for help, and subscribe ourselves, dear Sir, your servants for Jesus' sake, and fellow labourers, in the vineyard of our Lord.

H. BINGHAM,
DANIEL CHAMBERLAIN,
SAMUEL WHITNEY,
SAMUEL RUGGLES,
ELISHA LOOMIS.

P. S. We send you by the *Levant* a copy of our journal up to the 19th of July, 1820. We wrote you by the ship *Mary*, Capt. Smith, about 50 days after our embarkation, and since our arrival another letter, No. 2, by the *L'Aigle*, Capt. Starbuck. In the second we gave a more particular account of our arrival and settlement; but this may reach you first.

JOURNAL OF THE MISSIONARIES.

As our present number can admit but a part of the journal, we commence at the time when the *Thaddeus* was approaching Owhyhee; and a more interesting epoch to the members of the mission can hardly be conceived.

March 28, 1820. Within two or three days sail of Owhyhee. We have thought it desirable to observe this day as a season of fasting and prayer, that we may be better prepared to enter on our work with proper feelings of heart; with confidence in God; with penitence for our own sins; with gratitude for the blessings of the Gospel; with compassion for the wretched children of superstition; with benevolence towards all intelligent beings; and with faith in the blood of Christ, and in his promises with reference to the salvation of the heathen.

First View of Owhyhee.

30. Let us thank God and take courage. Early this morning the long looked for Owhyhee, and the cloud-capt and snow-capt *Mouna-Keah*, appear in full view, to the joy of the little company on board. A heavy cloud now envelops a considerable part of this stupendous mountain, on the summit of which a great body of snow appears, at intervals, quite above the clouds.

11 o'clock A. M. We are now coasting along the northern part of the island, so near the shore, as to see the numerous habitations, cultivated fields, rising smokes in different directions, fresh vegetation, rocks, rivulets, cascades, trees, &c.—and, by the help of glasses, men and women, immortal beings purchased with redeeming blood. We are much pleased, not to say delighted, with the scene; and long to be on shore. Hopoo has designated the spot, in a little valley, near the beach, where he was born. He and his three countrymen are greatly animated with the prospect of their native shores. Near the southern extremity of the island, the walls of an ancient *Mo-reeah*, or heathen temple, appear, where the sacrifices of abomination have long been offered to demons.

4 o'clock P. M. As we double the northern extremity of Owhyhee, the lofty heights of *Mowee* rise on our right. As no canoes approach us, it is supposed to be a time of special *taboo*; and that all the people are employed in its observance. Capt. Blanchard has concluded to send a boat to make inquiries respecting the king and the state of the islands. Mr. Hunewell, [one of the mates.] Thomas Hopoo, John Honoore, and others, have now gone on this errand, and we wait with anxious expectation for the

First Intelligence from the Island.

7 P. M. The boat has returned, having fallen in with a number of fishermen near the shore, who readily answered their inquiries; and the messengers have astonished and agitated our minds by repeating the unexpected information from the fishermen:—that the aged king *Tamahamaha* is dead; that *Reho-reho*, his son, succeeds him; that the images of his gods are burned; that the men are all *Inoahs*, that is they eat with the women, in all the islands; that one of the chiefs only was killed in settling the affairs of government; and he for refusing to destroy his gods.

If these are facts they seem to shew, that Christ is overturning the ancient state of things, in order to take possession; and that these isles are waiting for his law, while the old and decaying pil-

lars of idolatry are falling to the ground. The moment seems favourable for the introduction of Christianity and the customs of civilized life; and our hopes that these will be welcome, are greatly strengthened. There is some reason to fear, that the government is not settled on the firmest basis, and that there is less of stability and sobriety in the present king, than in his father. Whatever may be his moral character and habits, we believe, in consequence of information collected from those who know him, that three important particulars may, with some confidence, be relied on: 1st. That he is specially desirous of improvement in learning: 2d. That he has long been indifferent to idol worship: 3d. That he is not unfriendly to the whites.

Our hearts do rejoice. Though we are disappointed in not being allowed to preach Christ to that venerable chief, who has so long and so ably governed this people; and though we believe we shall have trials sufficient to give exercise to faith and patience; yet in view of this wonderful revolution our hearts do rejoice, to hear the voice of one crying, *In the wilderness prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.*

*First Visit to the Island.**

31. The intelligence of yesterday is confirmed to day by a visit of brother Ruggles, Thomas Hopoo, and G. P. Tamoree, to the residence of Krimakoo, where they were received kindly, and entertained with unexpected civility. By them the widows of Tamahamaha sent us a present of fresh fish, cocoanuts, sweet potatoes, bananas, sugar cane, bread fruit, &c. expressing much satisfaction that we have come to teach them good things. In the course of the day, a number of the natives came off to the brig in their cannoes with vegetables, manufactures, shells, &c. for the purpose of traffic, and to gratify their curiosity.

* The vessel first made Owhyhee on the west, as she was sailing north; then doubled the north point, leaving Mowee on the right, and passed south along the western shore of Owhyhee. *Toeaigh Bay* is about 25 miles from the north point; and the residence of the king is about 35 miles further south.

The sight of these children of nature, drew tears from eyes that did not intend to weep. Of them we inquired, whether they had heard any thing about Jehovah, who made Owhyhee and all things? They replied that Reho reho the king had heard of the great God of white men, and had spoken of him; and that all the chiefs but one had agreed to destroy their idols, because they were convinced, that they could do no good, since they could not even save the king. Idol worship is therefore prohibited and the priesthood entirely abolished. *Sing, O heavens, for the Lord hath done it.*

Visit of Krimakoo to the Brig.

April 1. To-day as we were near his residence at Toeaigh Bay, Krimakoo and his wife, and two widows of Tamahamaha, decently dressed, and attended with a considerable train of men and women, came on board the brig, having sent before them a present to Capt. B. of three hogs, and as many large bundles of sweet potatoes. They were introduced to the members of the mission family individually, and the mutual salutation of shaking hands, with the usual compliment "Aloha," passed pleasantly among us all. When our table was prepared, they sat down to dine with us, and behaved with much decorum. From what we had heard and seen of the natives, the appearance of this noble chief was more interesting than we could have expected. His dress was a neat white dimity jacket, black silk vest, nankeen pantaloons, white cotton stockings, shoes, plaid cravat, and a neat English hat. He sometimes, however, lays these aside, for the simple native *maro* round the waist, similar to the Hindoo dress. He showed peculiar fondness for the children of Mr. Chamberlain. When we declared to him our objects in visiting the islands, and our desire to obtain a residence in them, in order to teach the knowledge of the arts and sciences, and of Christianity, he listened with attention; and said, he must see the king, and they must consult together about it; and they would let us know what they would say. As a token of friendship, he presented to brother Bingham a curi-

ously wrought spear, which may serve for a pruning hook, or for a curiosity to gratify our American friends.

Our new visitors were pleased to find, that we could speak easy phrases in their language; and highly gratified, that we had instructed in our religion and brought with us natives of their country, who perfectly understand their tongue, and can therefore converse freely with them on these subjects. They made themselves more agreeable than could have been expected; and towards evening left us with apparently kind sentiments. On further examination, it appears, that the chief, who refused to renounce his idols, raised a considerable party with treasonable designs, and resisted till he lost 40 or 50 men and his own life. His party were subdued, and Krimakoo, with the loss of 6 or 10 men, was victorious, having been better supplied with muskets and ammunition than the disaffected party. The white men who reside in the islands, favoured the cause of the reformers, and seem to rejoice in the destruction of the oppressive *taboo*. We are encouraged to hope, that we shall soon be allowed to take possession for the church and for Christ of this part of the "land, which remaineth to be possessed;" and to set up our banner without a contest: the priests of idolatry being now reduced to a level with the common people. At evening, as we moved slowly along the shores of Owhyhee, the moon rising behind its lofty mountains, brother Bingham and Thurston sung their favorite Melton Mowbray,

"Head of the church triumphant," &c.

(To be continued.)

Our readers will doubtless be very desirous of seeing the history of the mission brought down to the date of the latest intelligence. As our limits will not permit a larger insertion from the journal, we briefly enumerate the following particulars.

On the 14th of April the Thaddens anchored at Hanaroora, in Woahoo. On the 19th the missionaries landed with their effects. They were kindly welcomed to the islands by American and British sea captains, and other temporary residents; were accommodated with houses, till they should be able to possess houses of their own; and speedily entered up-

on the regular labours of their mission. On the 14th of May, they opened a subscription for an Orphan School Fund, which was so patronized by American and British visitors, that within two months, more than three hundred Spanish dollars were subscribed. The general state of the mission is given in the joint letter of the missionaries, published in the preceding pages.

Mrs. Loomis was made the happy mother of a fine son, the 16th of July. This was the first white child ever born in the islands.

At the last dates, Krimakoo, the prime minister, was very desirous to have one of the missionaries live with him; and it was determined that Mr. Loomis should comply with his request, and reside, for awhile, at Toeaigh bay.

Thomas Hopoo and John Honoree were very exemplary. Thomas was daily and laboriously engaged in the duties of the mission, and was in high favour with *Reho-reho*.

It is painful to add, that William Tennooe had discovered signs of defection from the strictness of the Christian life, soon after he arrived at the islands. Various attempts were made to reclaim him; but they were ineffectual, and he was formally and solemnly separated from the church, about the 20th of July. He has many friends in this country, who entertained strong hopes of his piety. They will not cease to pray, that he may be brought to repentance, and saved to the mission.

The determination of Dr. Holman to settle by himself, on the island of Mowee, was regretted by his associates. Let us hope, that if this measure should prove to be injudicious, he will cheerfully abandon it.

On the whole, the state of the mission is extremely encouraging. Many signal interpositions of Providence in its favour have already been experienced, and should be gratefully commemorated. The same God, who has sustained and cheered the missionaries hitherto, is able to give them complete success.

The Christian community in this country has felt a great interest in the reception, which these islands of the sea should give to the heralds of the cross. Many fervent and importunate prayers have been offered daily, since the first preparatory measures were taken for the mission, that God would open a door of access to the pagan islanders. Such a door appears to be opened. The missionaries are received; the natives are willing to be taught; the voice of prayer and praise is heard; and the truths of the Gospel are communicated. There is good reason to hope, that Christianity will henceforth maintain a stand, where it has been so recently planted, and will finally prevail and prosper among these benighted children of Adam.

Let every friend of missions, then, while he rejoices on account of the divine goodness to this attempt to honour the name of Christ among the heathen, come before the Lord with a *thank offering* suited to express the sincerity of his gratitude, and the high estimation in which he holds the missionary cause. Let

not the claims of millions be disregarded; especially let not the wants of our own missions be unheeded. Happy would it be for the cause of the Gospel; happy for a perishing world, if the various exhibitions of God's favour to missions were to encourage all the professors of godliness to redouble their exertions, and to urge forward the work of converting the Gentiles, as a work reasonable, practicable, obligatory on Christians, imperiously demanded, infinitely desirable, and supremely important.

That this effect may be produced, every disciple of Christ must make the call of his Lord personal to himself. He must say, not with his mouth only, but with his heart, *Lord, what wilt thou have me to do.*

DESTRUCTION OF IDOLATRY AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

It may be interesting to some of our readers to peruse the following paragraphs of a letter, written by one of the mates of the *Thaddeus*, who had previously been much acquainted at the Sandwich Islands. The letter is dated July 22d.

"I shall not undertake to give you a detail of the voyage, nor of the reception which the mission has met with at the islands; for you have it from a more able pen. I congratulate you on the highly favourable reception of the mission.

"The great and important revolution which has followed the death of Tamahamaha, has opened the way for missionaries, and seems to insure them success. But they have a great work before them; having ignorance and the remains of superstitious prejudices to combat.

"The great events of the revolution seem wrought by miracle. It was with astonishment that I heard, 'Owhyhee's idols were no more.' The great change was most apparent to me. Knowing, as I did, their former attachment and deep-rooted prejudices in favour of their *taboos*, and their superstitious reverence for their vain *akooahs*; that they were 'no more' was what I could not realize, until I had trodden on the ruins of some of their late altars of abomination, and seen the ashes of their once sacred idols mingled with the dust.

"I now have the pleasure of seeing a part of the missionaries comfortably situated at this place, having already commenced their work, and appearing to enjoy many pleasures of domestic life, while all branches of the mission are enjoying the respect and confidence of the natives.

"The king was the first to become a pupil; and the bye word among all classes of the natives is 'the A, B, C.'

"Sir, I doubt not that the blessing of God will crown all their labours with abundant success, both in civilizing and christianizing this nation."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. WHITNEY TO THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Atooi, Aug 1, 1820.

It is with pleasure that I can state to you that we are now safely and pleasantly settled to our appointed station. We arrived at this island on the morning of the 25th of July; were met in the offing, immediately after the ship came to anchor, by the king and queen, with their retinue; and were received with every mark of parental affection. "*Nooe nooe, mili,*" (we love you much,) responded from a hundred tongues. We were conducted to a house, which had been previously prepared, and where every thing necessary for our comfort was provided.

George tells us, that his father and mother have been engaged for three weeks past in learning to write. You will see what improvement they have made by a specimen consisting of three letters; one written by the king, and directed to yourself; the two others written by the queen. One to Mrs. Sarah Wells of Windsor, Con. the other to Mrs. William Partridge, of Pittsfield, Ms. We wish you to make what use of them you think proper, and then send them to the persons, to whom they are directed. The king and queen first dictated what they wished to send; which was written, and then copied, in their own hand, by imitation.

The king's youngest son has likewise made considerable improvement. He has written to the Rev. Mr. Daggett Principal of the Foreign Mission School. Our friend George treats us with much attention. We eat at his table, and he appears anxious to render us all the assistance in his power. He usually attends family prayers with us, and is evidently less skeptical than formerly. On the Sabbath, we attended public worship, and read a sermon written by the Rev. Daniel A. Clark, of Southbury, Con. entitled, "*THE CHURCH SAFE.*" The king and the queen, with their servants, attended and appeared well pleased. After the services were completed, the king said, "*I like your way of worship, very much; my old way is poopookah (good for nothing.) I will come every Sabbath, and by and by we will build a large church and be like good people in America.*"

At present we have great encouragement to hope and pray for the blessing of God to attend our labours. The people have turned from the worship of idols;—kings have become nursing fathers, and queens nursing mothers;—our hands are strengthened and our hearts made joyful. But we rejoice with trembling. There is much need for us to be humble, and walk softly before our God. The materials of which the Lord's house is to be built are rough, and will require the sledge, the saw, and the hammer. These people are naturally fickle minded; and we know not how soon the current of feeling may be changed. The clouds, which are now out of sight, may soon gather in our horizon and storms of per-

secution may extinguish these rising hopes; yet, He who hath said, "*Lo, I am with you,*" is our helper, and we will not fear,
Yours, &c. SAMUEL WHITNEY.

LETTER OF MR. RUGGLES TO THE TREASURER.

Wymai Village, Atooi, Aug. 2, 1820.

Very Dear Sir,—Before the *Levant* left *Woahoo*, Mr. Bingham made out a list of articles wanted for the mission family, and requested me to copy and send it to you, with such additions as Mr. Whitney and myself see needful after we arrived at this place. I now transmit to you the list, though I believe we have made no enlargement.

[Here follows the list, with some remarks upon it]

At this station we have not one article of cooking utensils, but are entirely dependent on the king, who says we shall never want for any thing, while he lives. He requests me to mention to you, that he very much wants a good minister, physician, house and ship carpenter, cabinet-maker, and powder maker, to come and live with him; and says he will support as many good people, as will come to his island. We are all in health, pleasantly situated, and happy in our work. We can contentedly sit down to our great business on these idolatrous shores, and willingly, yes *delightfully*, spend our days, and consume our strength in endeavoring to lead the untutored pagans from nature up to nature's God; in pointing out to them a way which leads from this thorny desert to the celestial paradise. But alas, our weakness and ignorance. We are but feeble instruments, and know not how to act. God has placed us in a wide and open field, which is already white to the harvest; a field, which requires *many* labourers. We are but two in number, without a leader and without a counsellor. But we will not be dismayed; the God of Israel is our shepherd and our strength. Our cause is His: He will protect it; and will not forsake his servants. Confiding in his promises, and leaning on his almighty arm for guidance and support, we will venture on our way, hold up to the heathen the *Ensign of Peace and salvation*, and invite them to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.

George treats us with the affection of a brother, and his parents with every mark of parental kindness. The king is now building us a convenient house 40 feet by 22, thatched with grass and lined with bulrushes and this morning he has commenced building a *very large house* intended for a meeting and school house. This is to stand near the king's, and enclosed with a wall 10 feet in height, to prevent the danger of fire; thus we see the literal fulfilment of the prophecy, that kings shall become nursing fathers and queens nursing mothers. We shall soon see a temple erected on this pagan isle; (and on the very ground too where a short time since stood a celebrated *Moreeah*;) a holy temple dedicated to the worship of the living God. But we have no minister to enter it, and proclaim the un-

searchable riches of Christ, and break the bread of life to the perishing multitude around. We look to the American churches for help. We really need help. May we not hope, in the course of a year or two at least, to welcome a little bark in this port, freighted with Christian soldiers, who have bid farewell to soft indulgence, and come over to the help of the Lord, prepared to bear with firmness and unwearied patience all the trials and difficulties of a missionary life.

Brother W. and myself, with our dear wives, send love to all our friends.

Yours is haste,

SAMUEL RUGGLES.

LETTER OF TAMOREE, KING OF ATOOI, TO THE REV. DR. WORCESTER.

This letter was dictated by the king, who has for many years been able to speak broken English. It was written down from his mouth, in a large plain hand, which he copied himself.

Atooi, July 28, 1820.

Dear Friend,—I wish to write a few lines to you, to thank you for the good Book, you was so kind as to send by my son. I think it is a good book;—one that God gave for us to read. I hope my people will soon read this, and all other good books. I believe that my idols are good for nothing; and that your God is the only true God, the one that made all things. My gods I have hove away; they are no good; they fool me; they do me no good. I take good care of them. I give them cocoa-nuts, plantains, hogs, and good many things, and they fool me at last. Now I throw them all away. I have none now. When your good people learn me, I worship your God. I feel glad your good people come to help us. We know nothing here. American people very good—kind. I love them. When they come here I take care of them. I give him eat; I give him clothes; I do every thing for him. I thank you giving my son learning. I think my son dead. Some men tell me he no dead. I tell him he lie. I suppose he dead. I thank all American people. I feel glad to see you good folks here. Suppose you come, I take good care of them. I hope you take good care of my people in your country. Suppose you do, I feel glad.

I must close.

Accept this from your friend,

KING TAMOREE.

Samuel Worcester, D. D.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN OF ATOOI TO THE MOTHER OF MRS. RUGGLES.

This letter was dictated by the queen, interpreted in broken English, written down verbatim, and copied by herself in a plain legible manner.

Atooi, July 28, 1820.

Dear Friend,—I am glad your daughter came here. I shall be her mother now, and she be my daughter. I be good to her; give her tappa; give her mat; give her plenty eat. By and by your daughter speak *Owhyhee*;

then she learn me how to read, and write, and sew; and talk of that Great Akooah, which the good people in America love. I begin spel little: read come very hard, like stone. You very good, send your daughter great way to teach the heathen. I am very glad I can write you a short letter, and tell you that I be good to your daughter. I send you my aloha, and tell you I am

Your friend,

CHARLOTTE TAPOOLEE.

Queen of Atooi.

REGENT'S TOWN.

(Sierra Leone.)

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Influence of Religion on the Negroes.

Continued from page 709.

Mr. Johnson notices such instances of the influence of Divine Grace among his people, as may be likely to be instructive and encouraging.

Having preached, one Sunday, on the thief on the cross, he observes—

After service, several of the communicants expressed great joy. One, an old man, said, "Massa, my heart sing: me glad too much." I asked, "What makes your heart sing?"—"Ah! Massa! you see that poor thief you talk about—he no be good at all—he be bad, when they hang him on the cross—he no sabby that Jesus be the Saviour: but when he hang on the cross, God teach—He shew him bad heart—He make him pray to Jesus Christ: he say, *Lord, remember me!* Jesus no say, 'Me no want you—you too bad—you be thief too much.' No! He no say so: but take him, and tell him, *To-day thou shalt be with me in Heaven.* I see Christ take poor sinner: that make me glad too much. Ah! my heart sing. True, me bad—me very bad—me sin too much: but Jesus Christ can make me good. He take poor thief—He take me—me the same. Thank God! Thank God."

One night a house caught fire, and was burnt down. The alarm bell was rung, and the people rose and ran to the spot. One of the communicants, who had not heard the alarm, was much distressed, and said—

Last night that house burn—the bell ring—all people got up, and go to the fire; but I no hear it. I sleep all night until this morning—then the people tell me—this make me fraid too much. Je-

sus Christ shall come in the same fashion, and me fraid He find me sleep.

The same tenderness of conscience is manifested by the young. A girl said—

Massa, last Sunday you say that God's people have no business to keep company with the wicked. On Monday morning I go with one bad girl down to the brook, and I have no business to go with her. When I walk with her a stick cut my toe. I think about them words you talk in Church—my heart strike me—I come home—and cry; but, Massa, I no cry about my toe, that time, when you see me, but I cry about my sins.

Some of the youths in the Christian Institution are communicants, and walk consistently as Christians.

One of these said—

Since you spoke in the Church about hypocrites, I had no peace. You said that many people only know Christ by their head: they only say, "Lord! Lord!" they come to Church, morning and evening, and on Sundays; and they don't know Jesus Christ by the heart: the Holy Ghost no lead them to Jesus: they think they have peace with God, because they do good: they have no peace with God through Jesus Christ. Massa, them words live in my heart—I have no rest—I think I one of them people. I fear I shall go to hell, with them people that say, "Lord! Lord!"

An adult communicant, who had been much afflicted with sickness, was disquieted by the same appeal:—

Massa, you say, yesterday in the Church, "some people come to prayer, every morning and evening, and on Sundays four times; they have been baptized, and now call themselves Christians, and think because they come to church and say, "Lord! Lord!" they are going to Heaven; while they have no heart religion, and do not worship God in spirit and in truth—know not religion, but only put Jesus Christ in their mouths, and no do them things which He command them, and are still going down to hell." O Massa! them word hurt me too much—me think me that man—me do that. O Massa! me no sleep all night—me have no peace—me fraid too much." He wept bitterly

—tears of grief rolled over his black cheeks. I spoke to him as I was enabled. May the great Comforter of souls comfort him!

The following conversations with persons who are not yet communicants, shew the manner in which it pleases God by His grace to awaken the minds of these people.

"Massa," said an Ebo man, one of the people naturally most savage, "I come to you to talk about God palaver. Me heart trouble me too much—me want to pray, but me no sabby how to pray."—"What do you want to pray for?" "Me want to pray to God to save me—me too bad."—"What makes you bad?" "Me remember me thief—me lie—me curse—me do bad thing too much; and no remember me do good; He appeared to be convinced of sin. I questioned him on the Saviour's ability to save him, but found him not clear on that head. I gave him such instructions as will relieve him, if blessed by the Holy Spirit.

"Massa," said a second, "I can't get rest at all—my wicked heart trouble me. None can do me good, except the Lord Jesus Christ. He only can do me good."—"If you are persuaded of that, then go to Him: He says, *Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.*" "I cannot go to Him by my own strength, Massa."—"Did you ever pray to Him?" "Yes, I pray; but I can't tell if God hear my prayer. Sometimes, when I pray, I feel glad; but sometimes, when I pray, my heart run all about, and then I feel no peace." "What makes you feel glad sometimes?" "Because Jesus Christ been hang on the cross for poor sinners—He shed His blood to save sinners."

"Once, Massa," said a school girl, who appeared much distressed in her mind, "you say in the Church, 'Every one who dies without believing in Jesus Christ would go to hell!' Them words, Massa, live always before my ear—make me afraid too much—and again me do bad very much. Every day me heart plague me—me get bad more and more—me don't know what to do." She wept bitterly. "How long is it you feel so?" "Before you go to England,

and since that time me heart trouble me—no good thing live in me heart. I hope the Lord Jesus Christ will have mercy upon me. Suppose he no save me, I must go to hell. I want to pray to Him, and sometimes me pray; but me think He no hear me. I have no strength, but I trust the Lord will help me."

We shall close these extracts with an affecting narrative.

March 4, 1820. Several people spoke in such a manner, this evening, that I felt what I cannot express. One woman, who has been in my school, and is now married, said, "When I very young, my mother die. Soon after, bad sick come in my country. People look quite well, and all at once they fall down and die. So much people die, that they could not bury them. Sometimes six or seven people stand at one place, and all at once three or four fall down and die. My father take me, and run to another country, because he afraid of that bad sick. My father got sick, but he no die; me got sick too. One day father send me to get some cassada; two men meet me in the road, catch me, and carry me to the Headman, and tell the Headman that me thief: the Headman say that they must sell me. Massa, me no been thief that time; but they wanted to sell me, therefore they tell that lie. Just when they wanted to carry me away my father come—he very sick—he look me, and they tell him me thief, and they go and sell me. My father begin to beg them, but they no hear. My father stand and cry; and, Massa, since you talk that Palaver about Missionary, and about our fathers and mothers, me no have rest." Here she burst into tears, and said, "My father always stand before my eyes. O poor man! he no sabby any thing about Jesus Christ." She wept very loud, after a little she continued her sad tale. "After they carried me two days, they sold me. I do not know what they got for me. I stop there a little, and then people carry me to another place, and sell me again with plenty more people. Me very sick that time: oh! me so poor, me nothing but bone. After

the man that buy me look me, he say, 'This girl no good—she go to die. I will kill her—she no good to sell.' A woman live there (I think it was one of him wife): she beg the man not to kill me." She here wept again bitterly, and said, "O massa, God send that woman to save my life. Suppose that woman no come and beg for me, what place I live now?" She wept again, and could not proceed with her tale.

Most of those that are influenced by divine grace, begin to see now the hand of God in all their former lives. I believe we all were so affected that many tears were shed in silence. Ah! who would not be a missionary to Africa! Had I ten thousand lives, I think I would willingly offer them up for the sake of one poor Negro. Our friends in England do not know one half the horrors and miseries that reign in Africa. Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Sion.

From the Evangelical and Literary Magazine and Missionary Chronicle.

THE AFRICAN COLONY.

Dear Sir,—I suppose you have heard before this of the sailing of our little Colony; and I must give you some account of the affair, as I know you will wish to hear all about it at once.

Early in the last month, (as you may know) the brig *Nautilus* of this port (Norfolk, Virg.) was chartered by government, to take out some liberated Africans, who were to be sent to their own country. At the same time the American Colonization Society were informed, that they might use the opportunity to send out a few colonists, to join their brethren at Yonee. Mr. Jonathan P. Winn, first agent of the U. S. arrived here with his wife, on the 15th ult. and began to make ready for sailing with all despatch. A few days afterwards, he was joined by the second agent, Mr. Ephraim Bacon, who also brought his wife with him. On the evening of the 26th we had a meeting of a few of our respectable citizens at the Mason's Hall, and formed our "Norfolk Colonization Society," auxiliary to the American

Colonization Society at Washington. (I suppose you have seen our constitution and addresses, as they were published at that time.) Our collection in consequence have been quite respectable.

Early in this month, four liberated Africans were brought down from Baltimore, and taken to lodge in an out-house at our pastor, Mr. Russell's with whom Mr. Winn was staying. Here they were put under the care of Sampson, a free black man a preacher, from Petersburg; who began at once to teach them our religion. They were all four, likely lads, about 18 years old, and could speak a few words of broken English. One of them told us, in his way, that the Spaniards came in a boat, and stole them all while they were off in a canoe, catching fish—"and then they put irons upon our hands, and took us on board the ship." His action all the time was both amusing and affecting. At first, as you may suppose, they were a little shy, and suspicious of our intentions; and would hardly believe that they were to be sent home; still less, that Sampson and the rest were going with them too;—their answer was, "No, he no go; white people no let him go." By degrees, however, their hearts were fairly won, and at last they seemed willing and pleased to be sent away. We all see the hand of God in giving us these lads for interpreters and mediators between our colonists and the natives.

On the 12th inst. the coloured people from Baltimore, about fifteen, came down in the steam boat, with Mr. C. Miltenberge, second agent of the Society. Amongst them I noticed particularly the wife and family of Coker, who is at Sierra Leone, and wrote for them to come out.

On the 14th the colonists from Richmond and Petersburg, about twenty-five, came down in the steam-boat, with the Rev. Joseph Andrus, first agent of the Society. Among these, I observed two preachers, from your city, Lot Carey, and Colin Teage; the first a black, and the other a dark mulatto; both believed to be men of worth.

On Tuesday forenoon (the 16th inst.) we had a public meeting in the Methodist meeting house, to pray for the bless-

sing of God upon the little colony now soon to sail; and notwithstanding the badness of the weather, the house was full. The ministers of all the different churches were there to assist on the occasion. Prayers were offered up to the Throne of Grace by the Rev. Dr. French, Mr. Cornelius, Mr. Russell, and Mr. Mitchell. An appropriate address was delivered by the Rev. Enock M. Lowe, from the text *Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God*, (Ps. lxxviii. 31) and several well selected hymns were sung. All the exercises were unusually solemn and impressive. But what gave peculiar interest to the scene, was the sight of the agents and their wives, with the Africans and free people of colour, all about to leave us forever. All hearts were touched, and many eyes were full of tears. After service, some came forward and joined themselves to our Society, and others cast in their contributions. Among these last, I observed with great pleasure, several poor blacks, who gave their little mites, (some all they had) to aid their brethren who were going out. It seemed to me indeed, that one sentiment was felt by all of us, "our prayers are heard and God will bless the people."

On Sunday morning, 21st, the brig, with the colonists on board, dropped down to Hampton Roads. After morning service, the agents and their wives, (attended by a few friends of us, gentlemen and ladies, and Sampson with his four Africans, went down to the wharf, to embark in a small sloop that was waiting to receive them. As we went along I was pleased to see the interest our little train excited, and the blacks especially, I thought bowed to us with more than usual reverence. Arrived at the wharf, we found a crowd of people waiting to see the party off. After a little attention was called—all still—and the Rev. Mr. Cornelius standing on the deck of the boat, offered up a parting prayer. Then followed embraces, and farewells, not without many tears. At this time the religious blacks who had come down with the rest, began singing a hymn, which in our state of feeling had a touching effect. At the close of it, the

boat pushed off—dropped down with a fair wind and tide—and was soon out of sight.

I learn from our friend———who went down with them, that they had a sermon on board the brig that night, by Sampson, with prayer by the other preachers. Next day was rainy, but in the morning early, they got under weigh, and went out to sea with a fair wind. Our friend joined in prayer with them off the capes, at 9 o'clock, and then came off in a pilot boat, leaving them all in good spirits.

I am sure you will unite with our brethren in this place, in constant prayer to God for their success.

Norfolk, Jan. 21st, 1821.

NEW-ZEALAND CHIEFS.

From the London Missionary Register.

We have heretofore given some account of the two Chiefs, Shunghee and Whykato, and of their object in visiting England. After residing some time at Cambridge, with Mr. Kendall, they returned to London: and soon began to betray symptoms, as their countrymen have done before, of the danger which the natives of those seas have to encounter from our climate. Whykato is recovered; but for the life of Shunghee there were serious apprehensions. His lungs were greatly affected; but by the blessing of God on the particular care taken of him, it is hoped that he will survive till a warmer climate shall restore him.

These chiefs have excited much public attention. It has, however, been the object of the Committee, to withhold them from being made a mere spectacle, while every measure was taken to gratify their own reasonable curiosity. They have not yet, indeed, made sufficient advances in civilization, to enable them to appreciate our institutions and manners; and it will probably be found that frequent intercourse between New Zealand and New South Wales, is, for the present, much better adapted to advance the New Zealanders in knowledge and civilization, than visits to this country.

His majesty was pleased to admit the two Chiefs to an interview; when he received them with the utmost courtesy and benignity, shewed them the Armoury of the Royal palace, and made them some valuable presents.

These chiefs are returning to their own land, but they do not carry with them the knowledge of our God. Many prayers have been offered for them; and let them, and all their countrymen, be remembered, in earnest petitions to the throne of grace, that upon them *the Sun of Righteousness may arise with healing in his wings.*

NEW ZEALAND GRAMMAR AND VOCABULARY.

The object for which Mr. Kendall and his New Zealand friends went to Cambridge has been fully accomplished. Mr. Professor Lee has availed himself of their assistance, to mould into form the materials which Mr. Kendall had collected; and has prepared a Grammar and vocabulary of the New Zealand Language, now first fixed on scientific principles.

This work is printed, and occupies 230 pages; of which 130 contain the Grammar with Exercises, and the remaining 100 the Vocabulary. Part of the impression has been taken off on very strong paper, for the use of the New Zealand children; and part on a better paper, for presents and for sale. The more elementary portions have been printed off on separate cards, for the use of the younger scholars.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

From the Religious Remembrancer.

Extract of a letter from a missionary in the state of New-York, to his correspondent near Wilmington, Del., dated Kinderhook, Feb. 13, 1821.

"I have been for the last eight weeks at Kinderhook Landing, engaged in attending to the solemn business of directing souls to a Saviour. I had, previous to the commencement of the revival, lectured twice a week for several weeks to an audience upon whom God had impressed an awful solemnity. On one Thurs-

day evening, about the middle of December, while lecturing from these words, 'Behold I stand at the door and knock,' &c. 'the Spirit of the Lord came upon us like a rushing wind,' and several wept aloud. Notice was given to any who were anxious, to remain. About 15 remained, mostly deeply affected. After conversing and praying with them, I gave notice of an anxious meeting the next evening. The room was filled and 29 gave in their names as desirous to be visited. Oh, my dear sister Anna, this was indeed a solemn time. Our meetings since then have been held five times a week and very full. At our anxious meetings on Monday evenings it has not been uncommon to see 50 or 60 anxious souls, and as many somewhat impressed. It exceeds, taking into consideration the people, and the time, and the means of grace, every revival I have heard of. The people, for the most part, are ignorant. Many of them without Bibles, and living near the river, and among those beings who have lived by fishing, and among those who have been the daily associates of such characters. Being three miles from the church, they seldom visited it, and except the reading of a sermon or two on the Sabbath, by a pious teacher of their school, and the occasional semi-monthly visits of Gospel ministers, they have (generally speaking) had little religious instruction. Indeed, many of them cannot read a word. For years, yes, as long as it has been settled, this place has been noted for vice. I do not know of a single family here who have ever had an altar for prayer till now, upon which they have offered their morning and evening sacrifice. Now, how changed!—About 60, from the grey headed veteran in sin, to the child of ten years old, are rejoicing in hope. Several blacks whose minds are quite untutored, share the enlightening and saving power of God. Prayer meetings are frequent; at which the father and son, mother and daughter pray.—The professed card-player, and the impious Sabbath-breaker and blasphemer, and the moralist are engaged in earnestly recommending by their lives and conversation the religion of the cross. Altars of prayer are erect-

ed in many families, and I have just now heard of a young lady who has turned chaplain, and commenced the exercises of family devotion, before her mother, brothers and sisters. I could relate to you many interesting instances of conversion.—A Mr. —, who had long been without God and hope in the world, was so impressed with a sense of his guilt, that he arose in full meeting, and expressed his determination to seek Christ. God gave him strength, and one bitter cold morning, a day or two after, he crawled out of bed in deep distress, naked, and while praying, unconscious of the cold, he found his Saviour, and is still rejoicing. One young woman was forced to fall on her knees before her whole family, father, mother, &c. and cry out, Lord Jesus have mercy on my soul! He was there; and having loved her with an everlasting love, then encircled her in his arms and made her his. But time will fail, and paper too, to tell you half of God's wonderful works to the children of men in this place. In one family, the father, mother, three daughters, one son, and the wives of two sons give evidence of their adoption. The work, my dear sister, is still progressing: we had an anxious meeting last night. More than 30 I would say, professed themselves enquirers. Some were much concerned. But I must not stop here. On the adjacent and opposite banks of the river, about three miles from this, lies the village of Coxsakie. Through the wise providence of God the river has formed a happy medium of communication, being hard frozen. The work has spread into that town. I had been labouring there once a week, for about three weeks, before it broke out powerfully. Many who have visited one side, from curiosity no doubt, went home pricked in their hearts. Their minister is a faithful evangelical man, and has been so kind as to assist me once or twice a week, and by these means has been greatly revived himself. The work there, my dear sister, is marvellously great. At the first anxious meeting three weeks since, the house was melted down under Mr. — (the minister's) prayer. Forty professed to be anxious. At the

next anxious meeting nearly 100. And Oh, it would have made your heart bleed to hear the cry of the poor sinners. It would have given you some idea of the misery and wailing of the damned. On last Thursday evening we had another, when 17 square pews were filled principally with enquirers—say 150 souls. It was solemn as eternity. Many, very many were in deep distress. Fourteen have found hope, and I believe give good evidence of it. God has indeed begun a very great work.

“On last Sabbath I went to Hudson to celebrate the dying love of Jesus at his table. I felt, for a long time, a great desire to feed upon the symbols of the broken body and spilled blood of my Saviour, and I can truly say, “His banner over me was love.” In the evening we had a meeting, it was very full, and I addressed them from Proverbs, i. 24—5—6. They all knew me in my wild days, when I led the giddy dance with them, and was foremost in the gayest circles. And this was a powerful instrument in God's hand. They had seen Saul persecuting the Church, and now beheld him glorying in the cross of Christ, by which the world is crucified unto him and he unto the world. The Lord gave me much earnestness and freedom, and made the word powerful. An anxious meeting was noticed after the Benediction, and more than twenty staid, many of them wept aloud.—Oh sister, this was an interesting time. Among them we find, if I may use the expression, the very *cream* of the city.—And the cry was “what must I do?” This was the first meeting of the kind probably Hudson ever saw. The Church there are alive and praying. But never was there a more corrupt place. The universalists have a large meeting. But blessed be God, Jesus shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.—In Catskill a great and wide spread revival has commenced—about 40 hoping and almost every body anxious.”

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

Extract from Rev. Mr. Chapin's Century Sermon.

“In the city of London lived a poor

and obscure woman, who brought forth a son, who at his birth was laid aside as dead. But through the assiduities of the nurse, the expiring flame of life was rekindled. This child his mother took and brought up for God. Before he could read she taught him the history of the Old and New Testament by the assistance of some Dutch tiles in the chimney of the room, where they usually sat. Ah! little did this pious mother think she was training the famous Philip Doddridge, who appeared in the kingdom of God as a star of distinguished radiance."

"Those of you who have read the life of the late celebrated John Newton, will recollect, that the instruction which his mother gave him before he was four years old, made such a deep impression on his mind, that they were not effaced during all his years of dissipation. They kept him from entire apostacy to open infidelity, and were, under God, among the means of his conversion, and his becoming a distinguished minister of Christ. This Mr. Newton was the earthly agent, in the conversion of Mr. Scott, the famous commentator on the sacred scriptures, whose works will continue to benefit the church, long after the author shall have slumbered in the dust. The same Mr. Newton was the instrument of the conversion of Claudius Buchanan, who in his youth strolled in the streets of London, and accidentally heard this servant of God. This man by his travels, his researches and publications, has lighted up a missionary fire, which may shine with continued brightness until the general reign of Christ. Look now at this assemblage of good, produced by the labours of these three eminent men, and remember, that so far as human means deserve to be mentioned in any case, all this may be traced back to the instructions which a little child received from his pious mother, before he was four years old! How encouraging these examples! You, who are the true followers of Christ, are engaged in building up the spiritual house of God, which is to be of far greater fame than that of Solomon. If, by your prayers and instructions, you are instrumental in the conversion of

a single individual, you will bring a lively stone for this building of God, which will be infinitely more valuable, than all the gold of the universe."

INDIANS IN THE STATE OF NEW-YORK.

The *Squakie Hill* tribe of Indians, containing about 200 souls, have made application to the benevolent in their vicinity for the establishment of a school among them; and the Presbytery of Ontario county have kindly received the application. The Indians have assisted in building a school-house. A teacher will probably soon be employed for their benefit, at the expense of friends of missions, with a stipend of 300 dollars a year. It was in this tribe that the Rev. Daniel S. Butrick, now a missionary among the Cherokees, attempted in vain to make an establishment.

Thus one portion of the American Aborigines after another is brought within the pale of civilization and Christianity. The advocates of missions and friends of moral culture and civil improvement should not be discouraged by a first, or second, or third repulse, or disappointment. Let them persevere, and they will at last succeed.

From the New York Advertiser.

SERAMPORE COLLEGE.

The Rev. Mr. WARD, of Serampore in the East Indies, having accomplished the important object he had in view in visiting the United States, embarked on the last Sabbath in the ship *Hercules*, Capt. Cobb, bound from this port to Liverpool. We have now the pleasure of publishing his note of thanks to his friends and the public, for their kindness and liberality towards him and the institution for whose interests he had solicited their bounty. Very few strangers have ever visited this country who have excited more attention; very few have been more cordially welcomed, or more sincerely respected.

Native Missionary College, Serampore.

Through the indulgence of the editors of the public prints in the towns which he has had the happiness of visiting, WM. WARD wishes to tender his warmest acknowledgments to his brethren in the Christian Ministry, and to every donor to this College of every denomination. The friendship and liberality he has every where met with, can never be forgotten. Not far from ten thousand dollars has

been realized, agreeably to the annexed list, now to be invested in the American funds. The interest of this sum will annually educate ten or more Hindoo young men, candidates for the Christian Ministry. May the prayers of American Christians be added to this cheering proof of Christian liberality, that the persons educated by their bounty may be eminent instruments in the hand of God in illuminating and evangelizing the vast continent of India, and that the light proceeding from this Christian College may have a large share in irradiating all Asia. As all the monies have not yet been collected, some trifling mistake may possibly exist in one or more of the following items.

New York, March 24, 1821.

New York,	\$2,467 19	Boston,	1,860 62
Philadelphia,	1,202 62	Baltimore,	420
Wash. City,	211	Alexandria,	40
Newark,	93 19	Princeton,	242
Pautucket,	59	Schenectady,	190
New Haven,	406 50	Middletown,	103
Hartford,	281 6	Providence,	312 68
Worcester,	180 37	Roxbury,	41 25
Dorchester,	100	Lynn,	121 7
Cambridge,	181	Charlestown,	92 30
Andover,	42 33	South Reading,	37 10
Haverhill,	91	Newburyport,	54 60
Danvers,	53 62	Reading,	34 97
Salem,	200 72	Portland,	241 6
N. Yarmouth,	85 73	Portsmouth,	82 42
Beverly,	33 80		
			<hr/> \$9,561 10 <hr/>

P. S. The Attornies appointed by Mr. Ward to receive and invest the money collected, earnestly request the several gentlemen, with whom were deposited collections made in their vicinity, to transmit the sums in their possession to Divie Bethune or Wm. Colgate, New York, for the purpose of immediate investment in the funds. Those who may be disposed to send donations to the same object, may forward them to the same persons. It would be desirable to make the whole sum invested ten thousand dollars.

New York, March 27, 1821.

YALE COLLEGE.

During the revival of religion in this city, the Church in College has received some of the refreshings from the presence of the Lord; and about one third of this important Institution, including professing christians, are now hopefully pious. But the ardent expectations of the rising Church are not satisfied. They are encouraged to hope for greater blessings. At this moment a cloud fraught with mercy appears to be hovering over the college, waiting, we believe, for the more fervent prayers of Christians:—and will they not pray that the Holy Spirit may descend upon them in more copious effusions?

Another object of prayer.

Satan's kingdom is to be destroyed, and the kingdom of Christ built on its ruins. Some of the strong holds of this kingdom cannot be assailed, except by prayer, the Christians weapon. We therefore invite the united, fervent, agonizing, prevailing prayer of faith of all God's people in behalf of the University of Cambridge. There is not, we believe, a College in our land, except this, that has not been favoured with revivals of religion. But how can they be revived who deny the Lord that bought them? There are a few Christians in this institution who have not bowed the knee to baal. Let the friends of the Redeemer unitedly come up to the help of the Lord, and pray that He would send a revival of pure religion on this socinian College, and see what a prayer hearing God will do. He can cleanse the fountain which now sends forth streams that make sad the city of our God, and cause them to refresh and fructify the earth.

POETRY.

Mrs. — will please accept our thanks for the following lines, accompanied with several other valuable pieces, which we shall insert with pleasure.

"If I wait, the grave is my house"

Job 17th 13th.

From scenes that charm the giddy croud
From empty pleasure, light and proud,
From every earthly care I come,
To fix my eye upon the tomb

Ah, lonely mansion! dark and drear,
Corruption and the worm are here;
Draw back thy curtain! let me see
Where thou hast spread a couch for me.

But who with wild and thoughtless race
Can haste to such an awful place,
Where youth, and health, and joy must shrink,
And Nature shuddering run the brink?

And what have I with pride to do,
Of strength so weak, and days so few?
Or why should woes disturb a breast,
So soon in mouldering clay to rest?

How few, with pensive step, shall tread
O'er the green turf that shields my head;
To breathe the prayer, or pour the sigh,
Or gently raise the tearful eye.

But Oh, thou dread, Eternal Pow'r!
Sustain me in the parting hour,
And give amid that fearful strife,
The promise of a better life:

Then cheerful would I be remov'd,
From all that I have seen or lov'd;
Then should my last, faint accents be,
Death bears me, Father! home to thee.

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